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SKETCH OF MADAME MARA, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from Vol. 32, page 707.)

THUS passed four years in England; and Gertrude wished to see Italy at last. Having obtained an engagement, she journeyed in 1788 to the Carnival at Turin, where she sang with complete success before the court, and, at the opera, before the public. In the following year she appeared at Venice, and there they prepared a triumph for her worthy of a queen. Still she felt that the Italian opera (and the Italians at that time loved only operatic music) was not exactly her chosen place; add to this the railries of her fine and envious Italian rivals, and what, perhaps, if not for her, yet for her companion, was the most decisive consideration—that, rich as the rewards proved, still here there were scudi instead of English guineas; and we cannot wonder that in 1790 she returned to London, whence she went only once, in fulfilment of a previous contract, to the Carnival of Venice in the year following.

Madame Mara returned to England this time through France. It happened, singularly, that as she was passing through one of the main streets of Paris (in the autumn of the unhappy year 1792) she found herself in the midst of a popular *émeute*. With great anxiety she made her companion raise the window of her carriage and inquire what was the matter. Shouting frantically, as if he were announcing a popular festival, a fellow replied, “We are carrying the Queen to the Temple” (the prison); the Queen—she whom Gertrude had last seen conquering all hearts in the full radiance of her beauty, loveliness, and grace, and encircled by a halo of all the splendour the world can bestow! Overpowered with terror and grief, she uttered a loud and at the same time almost dangerous cry, and felt a thrill of horror shooting intensely through her whole frame, from the effects of which she did not for a long time recover.

Her stay in London this time brought Madame Mara a repetition of all her former triumphs. The sympathy of the public; the recognition and reward of her excellencies as a singer scarcely excepting her last year, the same; and that, in a ten years' residence in one place, was a further proof of those excellencies, if any proof were needed. About the beginning of her fiftieth year—much later than with the majority of singers—nature began to assert her supremacy over the powers which she had lent her. Gertrude's voice grew suddenly weaker. As this took place, however, in equal proportion through all the tones; and as the voice did not lose, or imperceptibly lose, its pleasing and euphonious quality, but retained all its compass and variety of expression, and as Madame Mara was in full possession of all her artistic resources; she was still the unrivalled, the transporting singer. The concert-rooms, in which she had been wont to shine in London, were of the largest size; the ascendancy she had exercised over men's minds in her singing had been greatly due to the imposing power and fulness of her voice; she was consequently obliged to descend; but did not wish to do it in the place that had seen her at the topmost height. She resolved to quit London in 1802, and to return, by the way of France, to her German Fatherland. At her departure the musical *amateurs* and *dilettanti* of London gave her a proof of their esteem and sympathy. Her last concert was so thronged, that it yielded upwards of one thousand pounds.

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In Paris the usual custom was departed from, and, out of regard for the great fame of Madame Mara, the Grand-Opéra Theatre was given to her for her concert. The house was densely crowded. The success of the artist was not what was anticipated. The Parisian audiences, accustomed to the shrill, screaming voices of Madame Maillard and other prima-donnas of the Grand-Opéra, were not struck forcibly with the graces and simple expression of the German singer. The notorious and dreaded critic Geoffroy, in his journal, expressed himself; thus “No doubt Madame Mara sang excellently, only nobody heard anything.”

On her journey through Germany, Madame Mara was received everywhere in the most flattering manner, and, for that country, munificently rewarded. At Frankfort, Gotha, and Weimar, she stopped and gave concerts. She reached Leipsic in February, 1803. On the morning after her arrival her rooms were filled with most of the distinguished men of the city, who, nearly forty years before, had esteemed and loved her. I went to Hiller's and he took me with him. I, who had eagerly read whatever had been written in praise of Gertrude, but, otherwise, knew little of her; I, who was then so much younger and more inexperienced than now, accompanied Hiller with heart beating high, and with the most assured confidence, that here I was to find all far different and more splendid than in the every-day world. What was I not about to hear! What lofty conversations upon art, and what tender scenes of recognition was I not to witness! Hiller did not have his name announced, but walked directly into the house. Following close behind, I lingered full of expectation at the door. We found Platner, Müller, Felix Weisse and some others. Hiller winked at these, and placed himself before Gertrude with his head already bowed with age, regarding her fixedly with a mingled look of seriousness and sport. “Do you know me?” he asked finally. “No!” “What,” cried Hiller, “You will no longer know me, *Trudel*?” This popular diminutive of her Christian name had been exceedingly disagreeable to her in her maiden years, and they used to plague her with it, when she was in her peevish humours. The word brought that time instantly before her. “Hiller, father Hiller!” she exclaimed with joy. “That I am, with your leave,” muttered the old man. And both looked at each other again for some time. “God help me!” resumed Hiller, finally, “we have grown old!” “And ugly, too!” replied Gertrude. “Certainly,” said Hiller. And in this tone the talk went on. No sentiment, no singing; not a word, then or afterwards, of the anticipated high talk on art. Frau Gertrude was not at home in all that; so that I heard her first tone only in the rehearsal for her first concert. All that might have been excused, but all she said was expressed (how else could she have done after so long an absence from Germany, which had only recently become refined in that respect?)—in the most ordinary forms of speech, and in the broadest dialect. This was like pouring ice-cold water over me; and, with dripping plumage, it was some time ere I could mount again.

And how did I find her in other respects? As a woman. I cannot describe it better than by saying that in form, in bearing, in features, in the character and manner of her speech, in her view and treatment of men and things, as in her whole demeanour, she seemed like a true-hearted, active, yet composed and self-possessed farmer's wife, perfectly unconcerned about other people and other things, from Thuringia, or some other well-to-

do, but by no means refined, province. But now, as a singer! That simple, large, unornamented style, which seeks its whole effect through tone, expression, accent—that style in which she had delivered Händel's works particularly—she seemed to have renounced, not, one might trust her, from the wish to conciliate the fashion, which had just then begun to offer any price to a delivery extremely fluent, richly ornamented, and wrought into superfineness of detail, but because she was conscious that her voice no longer had the strength and the sonority to execute that earlier style of singing satisfactorily. That voice, in fact, was rather weak, but it was still strong enough for our hall, which holds, at the most, eight hundred persons, and is excellent in its acoustic structure, and as she was capable of the finest and gentlest *diminuendos* down to the softest whisper, and still remained distinctly audible; as she could still give, with complete equality as to power and volume, the always wide compass of her tones, from *B* to *thrice-marked D*, her feebleness was only noticed with regret by those who had before known her in the fullness of her strength. Nor did the veiled quality of her voice (as musicians say), which had once taken the place of its once clear silver ring, injure her at all with others, but only lent to the softer passages a peculiar, milder charm.*

With such a voice, and in the above-named extremely fluent manner, perfectly polished to every fineness of expression or adornment, she sang as we have never heard the like till Madame Catalani. The latter, to be sure, had greater power, though in a far smaller compass of tones. To make the most of all that still remained at her disposal, according to her own fancy, her own taste and rich experience, Gertrude had prudently selected compositions of a somewhat undecided character and quite simple accompaniment. For instance, she produced a long and figurative aria by Andreozzi, and a smaller one, which her companion, Herr Florio, had, in the etymological sense of the word, "composed"—in which he came in too with the lifeless tones of his flute *obbligato*, and Gertrude, with equal skill and amiability, blended her voice wonderfully with those tones. Finally she gave the principal scena and aria of Zenobia, from Anfossi's opera of that name. In this we could recognize her exceedingly noble and finished delivery of recitative: but in the aria, towards the end, her physical strength did not hold out.

From us she went to Berlin. Here too she found both universal sympathy and several old friends. The old Friedrich Nicolai, especially, a zealous friend of music from of old, busied himself many ways for her advantage. He renewed his youth in lengthy reminiscences of the good times, when the Mara and the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek* had found so many friends and venerated. Gertrude's concerts were crowded to excess, and richly profitable. But there was one thing which her friends should not have asked of her, or she should not have granted: but Nicolai, as he then was,—if he had once a notion in his head, he never desisted—by continually returning to the same spot, made his way through, as a continual dropping of rain will wear through a stone. He wanted her, in fact, to take the first soprano part in a solemn performance of Ramler and Graun's *Tod Jesu*, and, by all means, to sing "The Heavenly Prophets" as she had done more than thirty years before. She finally consented and sang; but her success was not, nor could it be, remarkable. Setting aside the fact that the airs in this work, products of the taste of the period about 1750 (the choruses, and essentially the recitatives, stand above all temporary tastes) could not, in the wholly changed direction of these modern times, satisfy longer those who had formerly found perfect satisfaction in them, and who now imagined that it would be the same thing now, provided they were only properly delivered; setting aside this fact, the Mara now possessed only in the smallest degree the qualities wherewith she had transported audiences by these songs in her youth, and what she still possessed she could not and ought not to have used here, if she would not profane the hallowed and venerable; besides, she pronounced German now as they pronounced it more than thirty years ago, and in a manner that

was now considered common. Then there were hearers who are not accustomed in such cases to ask why or wherefore, but who simply give themselves up to the impression as a whole, and in no small perplexity; there were friends in despair, and there were newspaper critics, puzzled to find terms in which they could, as far as possible, harmonize the present feeling with the opinion that had been long established. In Vienna, where the public had not known the Gertrude of the past, and where they were accustomed then, as now, to confer a high prize on those excellencies, commonly summed up in the word *virtuosity*, even at the expense of what is higher and more intellectual—in Vienna she was brilliantly received and, as everywhere else, richly remunerated.

In 1804 she went to St. Petersburg, and in the following year to Moscow: in both capitals she found the same favour, the same good fortune, that she had everywhere before. To this was added the particular good-will of some of the greatest houses, in which music was esteemed not as desirable and useful, but as indispensable to their intellectual life; and even many a peculiarity of the mode of life there pleased Gertrude remarkably. Then she resolved to spend the rest of her days in the old and spacious capital of the Czars. Thoughtful, clear, and firm, as she had always been in what concerned her art, she now determined to appear no more in public, but merely to sing by invitation in noble private houses; nothing in the large and aspiring style, but pieces suited to her present strength, and in which by her well-adapted mode of delivery, and finished execution, she could still show herself an admirable artist. Besides this, she gave instruction in singing to young ladies.

Approaching now her sixtieth year, and freed from certain weaknesses of passion and of purposeless *abandon*, she began at length to grow more thoughtful and firm in matters not pertaining to her art. There was no Florio now to quarrel with her always large income; she made provision for her long-accustomed comforts, against the day when age and incapacity awaited. In about six or seven years she had gained enough to purchase herself a house in Moscow, and, soon afterwards, a pleasant country seat outside the city; besides investing a considerable capital in a respectable mercantile house. She lived very well contented, and thought this quiet way of life secured to her for the remainder of her days. But fortune played the trick on her, which it has played on every one, to whose skirts it has long clung unappreciated: namely, the trick of suddenly deserting one, just at the very moment when he begins to need it most, to prize its gifts the best, and to feel the most painfully consciences of its absence. Napoleon with his armies was approaching Moscow. Whoever could, was obliged to flee; and all the arrangements for facilitating the flight of so many thousands, were, in order to surprise the enemy and prevent counter-movements, made so short a time before the outbreak of the general calamity, that most of the fugitives, in the bewildering confusion, saved barely anything excepting their lives. Of these was Gertrude. Napoleon and his hosts retreated; she came back; her house was burned down, the merchant announced his insolvency; the noble and wealthy families did not return to the desolate ruins of the city; nobody was in need of a singer or a music-teacher; she had nothing left but to wander on, and no man asked if it were with a bleeding heart.

Here, then, she was, as if at the completion of a wide circuit, standing again almost at the very point where she had stood half a century before: poor and homeless, without counsel, without help. But as the child did then, so now the aged lady found sympathetic friends, and help, at least, for present necessities. She went into the Germano-Russian provinces; and especially in hospitable, music-loving Livonia, did she find a favourable reception. She lived, partly at Revel, partly in the country, as an inmate in several respectable families, which shared with her what fortune had vouchsafed to them; and this was done in friendliest good-will. She in turn instructed the daughters in singing, and entertained the social circles by her own delivery of pieces suited to her present strength. Thus she lived through four years, according to her own confession, very pleasantly, and for the most part more contented than before, when she was heaped with fame and money. But age longs after independence,

* Does this recall the Sontag of 1853?

and has need of a secured repose. She tried to prepare this for herself in the two places where she formerly had been universally known, and for some time at home; she travelled (in 1819) to Berlin and London, but she did not accomplish her end. Returning to Germany, she tried the same experiment in her native city, Cassel. Here she was received with marked distinction, both on the part of the Electress and of the entire public; but even in the city of her birth she was not successful in the end for which she came. She resolved on a return to Livonia and to the position she had left before her last journey, a continuation of which had been promised her by several respectable families that had grown dear to her; and there she resided until her eightieth year, 1830.

Madame Mara died at Revel, on the 20th of January, 1833, in the 84th year of her age. A little while before her death, she received from Goethe a poem upon the anniversary of her birth.

So oozes away the rich life of the greatest German singer, like the rich waters of the greatest German river; and since a description of Madame Mara, like a description of the Rhine, admits of no conclusion; we will add, by way of termination, what Ernst Platner, her renowned old friend in Leipsic, said when she had taken her leave of us in 1803. "It has given me great pleasure," said he, "to see her again; but I would gladly have renounced the pleasure, and been reconciled if, ten years ago, after the most perfect rendering of the music of one of Händel's oratorios, she had suddenly died; for I know of nothing more depressing and more dreary than a really significant person who outlives himself." And even Platner had to experience the same fate, in superabundant measure, himself.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.*

No. 1.

THE world is a magic lantern. Time, who exhibits it, never leaves off crying: "Appear! Vanish!" Formerly, Mozart was entitled the "Divine;" at present he is called the "Child!" A similar fate is shared by Beethoven, the "Erroneous;" Gluck, the "Weakheaded"—who passed by the gates of the sanctuary without seeking admission; Spohr, the "Ridiculous"—so denominated for having been bold enough to compose symphonies; Rossini, the "Warbler;" Auber, the "Thief;" Meyerbeer, the "Jew"—because Hebrew verbs have but two tenses and no future; Spontini, the "Empty, Worthless," etc. These men have appeared and vanished. Such, at least, is the opinion of those who take up their position with Wagner, looking down from the height they have successfully surmounted, and, like fiery lovers or great orators, only experience the *want of a hearing*, but dispense with any kind of reply. But, just as the Goddess of Reason in France was obliged to make room again for the Saints, both little and great, the reign of these gentlemen may not, perhaps last very long, and Time may soon exclaim: "You have increased the crowd and shouted lustily; 'Viva la liberté!' we need no more counterpoint, no more rules of harmony, no more management of the voice, and, above all, no more *melody*! You have fulfilled your task! Return to your original nothingness! Vanish!"

Melody!—ay, that is the real *casus belli*. There lived at Dresden, when I was studying music there, a tall individual with a yellow coat and an expression of pain in his countenance, who desired to be a composer, and was only deficient in one thing—melody. The poor man applied to many persons for advice, but no one could help him. Thereupon he continued to grow more and more melancholy, and, whenever a new composer came to Dresden, he would sell the last thing he had, pay a visit to him, and beg for lessons, under the impression that the stranger would be able to teach him what others could not. In this manner, he was in turn a pupil of Über, Aghte, Morlachi, M. von Weber, etc. Nothing, however, availed him. How he would have welcomed Köhler's *Melodie der Sprache*, had it then been published! At last, he devoted his attention to arranging music, and adapting national melodies, a task in which he displayed considerable talent. He was, however, too modest to sit as critic upon the works of those whose shoes, as an artist, he was not worthy to tie, for he well knew what Sulzer (in the article "Criticism," in his *Theory of the Fine Arts*) had required, more than a hundred years previously, of a man "who publicly judges works and takes upon himself to correct both composer and artist."

* *Reactionary Letters*, by E. Sobolewski, collected and reprinted from the *Ostpreussische Zeitung*. Königsberg

This is exactly the *casus belli* which has occasioned the present revolution in the musical world. A revolution always throws a number of individuals out of their proper sphere, and causes social chaos. Wagner—at least, so he is understood by those standing upon the point they have surmounted—has declared that *melody* is no longer wanted and is the ruin of opera. Poor deluded creatures! Wagner is obliged to hold his sides for laughter, because he has never sought anything so eagerly as *melody*, and in the very passages where he is effective and good, he is so, merely by the aid of *melody*. In fact, he pushes his enthusiasm for *melody* so far, that when he cannot find a suitable one, as for instance, in the Bridal Chorus in *Lohengrin*, he immediately has recourse to Meyerbeer's *Robert*, and uses both the form and character of the chorus in the second act of that opera, almost too conspicuously. Wagner himself talks a great deal concerning *melody*, in the first part of his book, *Opera and Drama*, more in *sensations* than *thoughts*, and in a peculiarly musical, intellectual, and fantastically obscure fashion. He asserts that nations produced *melody*, properly so called, in the natural course of things, and independently of their own will, as man is produced by procreation. He goes on to say, that Grecian art contemplated man merely from the external point of view, while Christianity, on the contrary, adopting an anatomical process, opened the internal, shapeless organisation, repulsive to the view, and, in seeking for the soul, killed the body; thus presenting us with death instead of life. Then comes a little history, telling us how *harmony* developed itself independently, through the music of the church, taking the rhythm from dancing, etc. What confusion! All our music of the present day is sprung from the Christian religion. We know of no national *melody* written before the period in question, and if there is such a one, it is wholly unintelligible to us. What is not based upon the musical system established by the Christian church, we comprehend as little as the natural songs of the lark and nightingale, because those birds do not emit their notes according to the rules of the musical system to which we are accustomed. Moreover, *harmony* sprang from the combination of *melodies*, in which the composer endeavoured to infuse greater variety, by introducing between the plain-song (tenor) another voice (descant), and afterwards discovered one that lay beneath the tenor (bass), not adding one above the tenor (alt) until a subsequent period. It is quite evident that for several voices to accord with one another, they must have a certain equality of motion; but to say that, in order to effect this, they borrowed their *measure* from a *dance*, is a very bold assertion. It is upon these same old Christian songs that our present system of modulation is founded. The choruses sang the motive alternately in Tonic and Dominant (tonic and fifth.) Such was the principal rule of modulation for every kind of composition; from its simplicity it is so still, and such it will always remain. It is, however, an error to say that no *melody* then existed. In old as well as modern music, it is only a more hearty, nobler kind of *melody*—unattainable by incomprehensible to many musicians who are used to the present weak and nerveless style—which, with all due respect for Wagner, I must say he, also, worships. I am personally acquainted with Wagner. He is a man of great talent. As, however, he never enjoyed a really fundamental musical education, he is not capable of understanding the profound and mighty inspirations of a Sebastian Bach or Händel, and still less able to discover one in the works of Palestrina. A person conversant with modern music only, who suddenly hears something by these old masters, cannot make out a single verse (like many a talented musician of the present day), and, if he is sincere, can say nothing but "No *melody*! antiquated, pedantic stuff!"* Wagner wishes to create the *melody* from the text itself. What good composer, may I inquire, ever did otherwise? He would not allow any useless repetitions. Quite right. Schulze, a pupil of Kirnberger, laid down the same principle in 1760, when he said: "Such strange mixture of greatness and littleness, of the beautiful and insipid, prevails in opera, that I am embarrassed what to say on the subject." Finally, these letters are not directed against Wagner, nor against those few clever men, at whose head stands Liszt, who by the discussion of various points, and especially by Wagner's music, expect to advance and penetrate more deeply into art, but against those loud talkers who have absolutely nothing in them, and only confuse the public with their fantastic notions.

* It is very amusing when musicians of this stamp have the audacity to produce works by these old masters, who employed even letters which they do not understand. That, under such circumstances, even when the singers devote their whole attention to their task, and exert themselves to the utmost, people should "understand nothing" is natural.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I INFORMED you in my last that negotiations were in progress which would probably result in the return of Mad. Stoltz to the Opéra, and which would smooth over the difficulties between herself and the direction. I rejoice to say that my information was correct, and that the diplomatic efforts which were made to ensure an alliance between two great powers have not been in vain. A more thorough *artiste* than Rosina Stoltz does not exist. She possesses the true sacred fire, and, unendowed with any beauty of feature,* can, by the force of genius, sway the feelings and passions of her audience as much as any actress on the lyric stage. She made her *entrée* on Friday, the 5th, in her favourite part of Leonora, in *La Favorite*, was enormously applauded on her appearance and during the performance, and electrified the audience by her singing and acting in the final duet. Would that she could impart some of her energy to Signor Neri-Beraldi, the tenor, who made his *début* at the Grand-Opéra in the part of Fernand. He had already sung, with small success, the part of Roderigue, in *Otello*, at the Italian Opera; but he is utterly unsuited for a part of such importance as Fernand. His voice is small and thin, his style raw and unformed, his acting devoid of energy and character. He speaks French very imperfectly, and with a strong accent, and was put into the part as a make-shift for Gardoni, exhausted by his efforts in *Masaniello*. Meanwhile the charming voice of Sophie Cruvelli is silent to the public, as she and the greater part of the company work night and day at rehearsals of Sig. Verdi's new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which will be performed towards the end of the month.

As we have now begun a new year, and there is not a single novelty requiring attention, it may not be amiss to take a review of the musical events in Paris during the year just expired. At the Opéra, Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli made her *début* in the *Huguenots*, with a success which increased on each successive performance. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which greeted this, the youngest and most accomplished Valentine that ever appeared on the Parisian or any other stage. Since Mdlle. Cruvelli first performed in the *Huguenots*, the receipts have equalled anything previously known in the annals of the Grand-Opéra of Paris. She alone sings the music as written by Meyerbeer; she alone is the young and trusting girl, the faithful wife, the fond and impassioned lover. If she had but Mario for Raoul, we should have witnessed such a performance as was unknown to French opera. The other parts in which Mdlle. Cruvelli appeared were Julie in *La Vestale*, and Alice in *Robert le Diable*. Mad. Stoltz made her *entrée* in *La Favorite*, and will probably continue to sing Leonora until Meyerbeer's return to Paris, when she will make her first appearance as Fides, in *Le Prophète*, which she has so thoroughly studied, and of which, according to all accounts, she has completely made herself mistress. *La Nonne Sanglante* was the one original opera produced during the season, and over that unhappy lady let us draw a veil which future generations are not likely to lift. *La Muette de Portici* with Gardoni, Cerito, Massol, and Pouilly; and *La Vestale*, with Sophie Cruvelli, already mentioned, were also among the operas revived this season. Madame Fortuni made a successful *début* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Mdlle. Carlotta Rosati, as usual, was charming, fresh, graceful, and fascinating in the *ballet* of *Jorina* (music by M. Labarre). The list is meagre, and, excepting Sophie Cruvelli and Madame Stoltz, no *artiste* has created any great degree of enthusiasm. Let us hope that in the approaching year more will be done, and I feel sure that now the helm is in the experienced hands of Monsieur Crosnier, intelligence, application, and care will not be wanting.

The Opéra-Comique has had two great successes in the past year: the production of Meyerbeer's comic masterpiece, *L'Étoile du Nord*, and the revival of *Le Pré aux Clercs*. Few would

have imagined that Meyerbeer could write a comic opera; fewer still that, when written, that opera should be so gay, lively, sparkling, and brilliant as the *Star of the North*.—Caroline Duprez has advanced wonderfully in public estimation, and deserves the success which has attended her efforts. Hérolé's *Pré aux Clercs* is a treat to all lovers of good music; and M. Perrin showed his usual tact and good sense in reviving so charming an opera. It was admirably interpreted by Madame Miolan and her fellow artists, and has brought almost as much money to the Opera Comique as *L'Étoile du Nord* itself. *La Fiancée du Diable*, *Les Trovailles*, *L'Opéra du Camp*, and *Les Sabots de la Marquise*—operettas—served as agreeable *levers de rideau* on the nights that the greater works were performed.

The Italian Opera has added to Mesdames Frezzolini and Bosio, a most valuable artist in Madame Borghi-Mamo. She has appeared successively in *Semiramide*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *Le Tre Nozze*, and *Il Trovatore*, and has been successful in all, but particularly in the last. *Il Trovatore*, the sole novelty produced at this house during the season, has also been the sole success; it has already been performed eight times, and to very full houses. The money was sadly wanted, and Signor Ragani deserves some compensation for all his losses. I hear that Mr. Gye intends to commence his season with *Il Trovatore* at Covent Garden, and that he has engaged Bauarde, Borghi-Mamo, and Frezzolini to sing the music in London.

The Théâtre-Lyrique was in a dangerous condition at the death of its director, Monsieur Seveste, which occurred early in the year. Several persons desired to succeed him, but the difficulty was to obtain one who could re-engage Madame Marie Cabel; that charming singer, who was the sole support of the theatre, being released from her engagement by the death of M. Seveste, and having large offers to sing in the more fashionable regions of the *Boulevard*, was determined to accept them. However, M. Perrin, director of the Opéra-Comique, having succeeded to the vacant throne at the Théâtre-Lyrique, induced Mad. Cabel to remain, on condition of engaging her at the Opéra-Comique for next season. The new operas produced at this establishment, and all more or less successful, have been *Le Bijou Perdu*, and *Le Muletier de Tolède*, of M. Adolphe Adam ("of the Institute")—*La Promise* of M. Clapisson ("of the Institute")—and *Le Billet de Marguerite* of M. Geviert ("not of the Institute"). The last-named work, by a clever and rising young Belgian composer, introduced Mad. Deligne-Lauters (also a Belgian) to the French public. Remarkably young, with a pleasing face, and a delicious *mezzo-soprano* voice, Mad. Lauters has always acted and sung with intelligence, energy, and taste: possessing a voice, which for compass and quality has been rarely excelled on the French stage, she wanted style and finish in her singing—she has, however, studied hard to improve at each successive representation. I have no hesitation in asserting that Mad. Lauters will, in the course of two or three years, occupy a high rank on the lyric stage of Paris. The *Schahabahan II*, *Le Roman de la Rose*, and *Maitre Wolfram* (by M. Ernst Reyer), all original works, have also been produced during the past season, and have been well received, without exception. Weber's *Der Freischütz* (under its accepted title of *Robin des Bois*) is in active rehearsal, and will be ready early next week. I congratulate M. Perrin on the success of his two establishments. It is difficult to say which of them most attracts the public; but were I to point to a well-managed house, whose orchestra, principals, chorus, and decorators are all what they should be, I would direct my finger to the Opéra-Comique; and if that did not exist, I should with equal confidence turn to the Théâtre-Lyrique.

All the theatres are doing well, Paris is full, and the Emperor, Empress, and Court are frequently seen in public. That great actor, and extraordinary man, Frédéric Lemaître, who has lately returned from a tour in Russia, Germany, and Belgium, where he has added fresh laurels to his undying fame, has been engaged at the Ambigu-Comique, and made his *début* in *Paillassé*. Such is his success, that no place can be obtained which is not taken three or four days in advance. He possesses the same power as ever over his audience, and moves them to mirth and laughter, to tears and sobs, with the same facility as thirty

* Our correspondent is difficult to please. Mad. Stoltz has always been renowned for the beauty and regularity of her features, and, we think, with good reason.

years ago. He has lost his teeth, and his articulation is indistinct, but "even in his ashes live their wonted fires," and, looking on that great master of his art, I cannot but feel what pygmies his successors are in comparison; and that when he leaves the stage there will be none to fill his vacant place. At the Odéon, we are fast approaching the hundredth performance of *La Conscience*, so well written by M. Alexandre Dumas, so well acted by M. Laferrière. Its success has been unceasing, and the continuous performance has never been interrupted, save during M. Laferrière's short illness. A comedy, in five acts, by MM. Durantin and Raymond Deslandes, is in rehearsal, and will be produced whenever *La Conscience* ceases to draw. M. Barrière's comedy of *Les Parisiens* has changed the Vaudeville from sadness to mirth, from empty benches to crammed houses. The success is deserved, for the comedy is witty, brilliant, and sparkling—although very hard upon the good Parisians themselves—and the acting is extremely good. M. Félix in particular deserves great praise for his admirable performance of Desjenaix.

P.S. (January 11).—On Monday, the long-promised new ballet, entitled *La Fonti*, was produced with great splendour and entire success at the Opéra. The ballet is the work of the well-known M. Mazilliar, the music by M. Labarre, the harp-player and conductor at the Opéra-Comique. I have seldom seen a ballet more applauded, though I may have seen ballets more deserving of applause. The Emperor and Empress were present, and the house was crowded by a brilliant assembly. The heroine of the ballet, *La Fonti*, is a celebrated dancer; and the *divertissement* of *Flor et Zephyr*, is one of the most striking scenes in the performance. The professional adventures of *La Fonti*, her amours with a certain Count Monteleone, as fickle and faithless as attractive, her ultimate triumph as a dancer at Florence, and her union with her first lover, *Carlino, premier danseur*, form the incidents of the plot. The scenery, dresses, and decorations are magnificent, and Mademoiselle Rosati, the heroine of the ballet, of whose performance I will tell you more in my next, achieved her greatest triumph on the opera boards, both as *mime* and *danseuse*. She has to appear in several costumes, and in each successive one looked more charming and fascinating than in that which preceded it. Among the subordinate *danseuses* Mdlle. Forli, whom you may remember in London, was most successful. The male parts were played by the ever-green Petipa, and a young dancer named Mérante, who produced a most favourable impression by the spirited, natural, and original manner in which he *acted* the part of *Carlino*. The success of the ballet was never for a moment doubtful, and the Emperor and Empress frequently applauded. *La Fonti* will, I think, be a real lift for the opera, of which, by the way, it stood greatly in need.

In consequence of a slight indisposition of Madlle. Rachel, M. Scribe's long-expected play, *La Czarine*, will not be produced at the Théâtre-Français, as was anticipated, during the present week. Its postponement, however, will only be for a short time.

Contributions for the gallant Allied Army at the Crimea seem to be as much in vogue here as in London. The Italian Opera, the Gymnase, and the Palais-Royal have announced a performance for the 15th instant, in which the principal artists of all three companies will combine. It will take place at the Italian theatre, and the receipts will be devoted to the object above named.

MR. W. T. BEST has been appointed organist of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.—A concert party, consisting of the following artists, has just returned from a successful tour in the South and West of England. The singers were the Misses Brougham, and Messrs. Augustus Braham and Henri Drayton. The instrumentalists consisted of Messrs. T. Harper, Frederick Chatterton, and George Case. The pieces, which attracted most attention, were "Brighter than the Stars," (the quartett from *Rigoletto*), "The Cousins'" duet, "Sound an Alarm," and Mr. Hobbs's new song, "What will they say in England?" sung by Mr. Drayton.

FOREIGN.

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1854.—(From a Correspondent).—The English Opera troupe, consisting of Miss Louisa Pyne and sister, and Messrs. Harrison and Borrani, has just concluded an engagement at the Boston Theatre. They have appeared in the *Crown Diamonds*, *La Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and the *Beggar's Opera*.

Miss Louisa Pyne has enchanted us all. This charming singer has made an impression here which will be lasting. Her sweet, pure voice, and her brilliant execution, have made her extremely popular. All agree that we have had few *cantatrices* here who can compare with her. Her greatest triumph has been her *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*. Miss Louisa Pyne's execution is astonishing. In the violin variations of Rode, which she introduces in the *Crown Diamonds*, she exhibits marvellous skill; and in the *finale* of *La Sonnambula* she is as remarkable. In personal appearance she is very prepossessing—she is not beautiful—*mais elle est si gentille*. It is said that she strongly resembles the Queen. Miss Pyne (the elder) supports her sister well, and is especially commendable for her modest manner—never endeavouring to force herself forward, or make her part more prominent than is warranted by the scene.

Of the operas performed by this troupe, the *Crown Diamonds* and *Maritana* have been the most successful. The first time the *Beggars' Opera* was produced, it drew an immense audience; the second time it was played to empty seats. This opera—which is in fact no opera at all, but a comedy with songs—affords little opportunity for the display of Miss Pyne's powers, and was apparently brought out solely for Mr. Harrison.

Grisi and Mario are now singing to crowded houses at the Academy in New York; the people having at length awakened to a sense of their folly in permitting these two great artists to perform almost unheard as they have heretofore done. They are expected here about the first of January.

LEIPZIG.—The yearly public examination of the pupils belonging to the Music Academy, took place in November, at the Gewandhaus. The programme was composed of music of the highest order, and the examination embraced composition, solo singing, and pianoforte solo. Each pupil performed his part in a manner which did honour both to the teachers and the institution. It was founded in the year 1843 by Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and affords a source of study for every branch of classical music. The number of pupils at present amount to near one hundred, from different parts of Europe. There are among them five from England and three from America. Miss Stabbach has finished her engagement here. Her performance has given, on the whole, universal satisfaction. She is at present in Bremen.—On the 10th instant commenced the first of the yearly Abonnement-Quartets in the Gewandhaus. The star of the evening was Miss Arabella Goddard from London. She played the B flat major (Op. 97) trio from Beethoven in a masterly manner, also a *préludium* and *fuge* from Bach, and a "Song without Words" from Mendelssohn, in a tasteful and brilliant style. She is engaged to perform at the Gewandhaus Concerts.

MILAN, 6th January, 1855.—(From our own Correspondent).—The Theatre Alla Scala was opened on the evening of the 26th ult., with the opera-seria *Marco Visconti*, the *libretto* by Sig. D. Bolognese. The scene takes place in Lombardy, in 1329. The music is by the Maestro Petrella. The success was but mediocre. There are several pieces in the opera which entitle the composer to all the honours that were awarded to him, both upon the present occasion, and in many other theatres in which this work has been previously represented. The cavatina of the prima donna, the aria of the tenor, the duetto for the soprano and baritone, and the finale of the second act are generally considered the best pieces of the opera. The last scene of the last act is not all that might be wished for in an opera-seria. Signora Albertini (Bice) has a powerful voice, but not of the most agreeable quality, particularly in the upper register. The part she had to represent was rather an ungrateful one; nevertheless, she obtained much applause. The tenor, Signor Mirate (Ottorino Visconti) was warmly received and applauded for the artistic manner in which he sang. His voice has lost somewhat of its freshness,

still he is a good singer; as an actor, he is wanting in animation¹. The baritone, Signor Ferri (Marco Visconti), is an artist of decided merit. His voice is not one of the strongest, but the skilful manner in which he manages it, obtained for him repeated marks of favour from the audience. The composer, Signor Petrella, was honoured with four or five calls in conjunction with the artists. With the successive representations the music has been more favourably received. The ballet, *Le Figlie della Guerra*, was a complete *fiasco*. The great theatre, with its six tiers of boxes filled with the élite of the city, presented on the opening night one of the most brilliant sights imaginable. The house was literally crowded from the floor to the ceiling with a vast and magnificent assemblage, numbering, I should think, not less than five thousand! On the evening of the 31st ultimo, *Linda di Chamounix* was represented; the principal parts were sustained by the Mdles. Hensler and Bregazzi, and the Signors Pasi, Monari, and Benedetto Laura. Mdlle. Hensler, as *débutante*, was most generously received by the public. Her voice, one of the weakest ever heard, is not suitable for a large theatre. It is, however, flexible and sympathetic. Mdlle. Hensler executed some of the light passages with taste. Mdlle. Bregazzi (Pierotto) has a voice sufficiently strong, but is greatly deficient in the knowledge of her art. Her singing is one continued strain upon the voice, and entirely without accent. Signor Pasi (Carlo) is a tenor of *mezzo-carattere*. He sustained his part creditably, and was occasionally applauded. The bassi Monari, and Benedetto Laura, were both so incompetent to sustain their respective parts, that I was surprised how such artists could have been engaged for such a theatre. The general execution of this opera has been considered a failure. *Il Trovatore* will be given in a few days. Afterwards are expected the new operas—*Ines*, by Signor Chiaramonte, and *Le Due Regine*, by Signor Muzio; both of which have been expressly written for the Scala. *Mereandante's Vestale* is also spoken of as being in preparation. This evening, Jan. 6th, *Olema la Schiava*, a new ballet by Priora, will be produced. At the Theatre Carcano, *Lucrezia Borgia*—the principal parts sustained by the prima donna, Signora Melada; the contralto, Signora Gibbs; and the tenor, Signor Miserocchi—opened the carnival season on the 26th ult., with but indifferent success. The second representation proved a *fiasco*. *Erenni* was produced for the second opera, supported by the prima donna Signora Donati, and the Signori Biondi and Ferrari. This, also, proved a failure. On the 5th inst., *La Donna Bianca d'Avenelle*, libretto by Signor G. Rossi, music by the Maestro C. Gallieri, was given, interpreted by the Signora Cominotti, and the Signori Biondi and Ferrari. It would be unjust to criticise the new work until the execution is improved. Several calls were given for the composer during the representation of the first part of the opera.

BREMEN.—On Tuesday, the 22nd instant, a concert was given here which proved unusually attractive. More than eight hundred persons—among them most of the fashionables and musical amateurs of the place—were present. Miss Arabella Goddard, the young English pianist, constituted the chief point of attraction. Her success was decided and unequivocal. The Bremen audience, generally so cold, received her after each performance with the loudest cheers and the most animated applause. Miss Goddard played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and Thalberg's fantasia on airs from *Mosè in Egitto*. Both created a *furore*, and both were enthusiastically encoraged. Miss Goddard repeated the last movement of the concerto with even increased effect; and after the *Mosè* fantasia, executed some minor pieces, with which the audience seemed hardly less astonished and delighted than at her previous performances. The fair pianist was again recalled, and literally overwhelmed with acclamations and bravos. So great an excitement has not been created in Bremen for many years.

BERLIN.—(*From our own Correspondent*.)—There is such a dearth of musical news, this week, that I almost fear what I have to tell you will scarcely be worth the money it will cost for postage. Perhaps, however, I may as well write, if it is merely to inform you that I am still in the land of the living, and that the principal event of musical interest is the return of Mdlle. Agnes Bury, who will shortly make her *début* as Amina,

in *La Sonnambula*. She has selected *Lucia di Lammermoor* for her second appearance. When I add that the King has, in token of his satisfaction of the energy and excellent judgment displayed by Herr von Hülsen, in the management of the Royal Opera-house, presented that gentleman with an elegant ivory stick, on one side of which is his Majesty's name in red enamel, and the black eagle on a silver field on the other, while a silver lyre with golden strings surmounts the top, I have exhausted my budget of news. *Vale!*

VIENNA.—(*From our own Correspondent*.)—At the Imperial Opera-house, a lady of the name of Ernst Kaiser appeared last week as Alice in *Robert le Diable*. Her voice is completely worn out, and very sharp and disagreeable in the upper notes. She failed most signally. M. Vieuxtemps has given a concert, in the Imperial Redoutensaal for the benefit of the Asylum for the Blind. The concert was announced to commence with Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, but Weber's overture to *Oberon* was eventually substituted. M. Vieuxtemps played his concerto in D major, so popular here last year, especially the *introduzione* and *adagio religioso*, and also performed, for the first time in Vienna, a new *andante expressivo* and *rondo* of his own composition. The celebrated artist was greatly applauded. Herr Steger sang an air from Sig. Verdi's *Trovatore*, and Mdlle. Cornet one from Bellini's *Puritani*. The room was very well filled. The fourth Quartet Concert took place the same evening. The programme included a quartet by Haydn in B major, Beethoven's most charming Sonata in C minor, for piano-forte and violin, and a quintet in B major by Mozart. The last piece had never been heard in Vienna, and excited the greatest curiosity. The audience, especially the professional portion of it, was delighted beyond expression. M. Vieuxtemps gave a second concert in the Saal der Musikfreunde. The programme was highly attractive, consisting of a quartet in E major, by Haydn; one in G major, by Mozart; and one in C major, by Beethoven. The other concerts given in the course of the week were that of the Wiener Männergesang-Verein, and that of the blind mandoline *virtuoso*, Vailati. The latter was but poorly attended.

HAMBURGH.—Mdlle. Augusta Geisthard has appeared successfully as Girarda in the opera of that name.

WIESBADEN.—M. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* and Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* are in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced. *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* has been revived and given great satisfaction.

COBURG.—His Royal Highness the reigning Duke has made Mad. Jenny Lützer-Dingelstedt a present of a most valuable bracelet. It is ornamented with a portrait of His Royal Highness set in a ground of dark blue enamel, surrounded by eight large diamonds of the first water.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli sang the part of Fides in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, for the benefit of Herr Auerbach, and was most enthusiastically applauded for her excellent performance, considered both in a dramatic and musical point of view.

AMSTERDAM.—Mad. von Marra has prolonged her engagement, and will appear shortly in M. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, which will be produced expressly for her. The manager, Herr de Vries, has gone to Paris to obtain designs for the scenery and dresses.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Donizetti's *Poliuto* has been very favourably received. M. Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has been given under the title of *The Siege of Ghent*, Mad. Tedesco sustaining the part of Fides, and Sig. Tamberlik that of Jean de Leyde. The so-called "Academies," consisting of scenes from various operas, are very popular, and draw great houses. Mdlle. Marai has made a great "hit."

COLOGNE.—The opera company have returned from Antwerp, and recommenced their regular performances. *Don Juan*, *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, and *Lucrezia Borgia* have been given. Mdlle. Wille, from the Conservatory at Paris, made her first appearance as Romeo. The Brothers Wieniawski passed through this city last Tuesday, on their way to Brussels, whence they proceed to play at Hanover.

DRESDEN.—Mdlle. Ney has appeared in Herr Marschner's

Templer und Jüdin (*Ivanhoe*), which had not been given for above a year. Herr Tichatscheck sustained the part of Ivanhoe.

MADEBURG.—Mozart's *Requiem* was lately performed in the Johanniskirche, in a highly satisfactory manner.

DARMSTADT.—The favourite opera of the Court here, is *Die Zigeunerin* (the *Bohemian Girl*) by Balfé.

BRUSSELS.—Mr. Henry Litolf has played with success at the Conservatoire Concert.

COPENHAGEN.—M. A. Dreyschock has given a series of concerts, which were most numerously attended.

LISBON.—M. Sivory has received from His Majesty the Order of Christ.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—Mr. J. H. D'Egville's Testimonial Concert was given at the Music-hall, on Wednesday evening last. In the instrumental portion, Winter's overture to *Calypso*, and Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, were allotted to the Philharmonic Band, and two violin solos to M. Sainton. The principal vocalists were—Mrs. Bull, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Mason. Messrs. Williams, Topham, and Langdon, of the Cathedral choir, also took part. The choral band was composed of the members of the Harmonic, Philharmonic, and Madrigal Societies. The selection from Händel's *Achis and Galatea*, commencing with "O, the pleasures of the plains," was well sung, and much applauded. The choruses were all well sustained. The encores were "Annie Laurie," sung as a chorus, and Beethoven's "Vesper Hymn." M. Sainton's violin performance was remarkably fine; he was enthusiastically applauded, and, at the conclusion of a fantasia on airs from Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment*, was recalled, and made to repeat the latter part. Mr. Uglow, organist of Cheltenham, played a voluntary on the organ. The glees, "Cold is Cadwalla's tongue," and "When winds breathe soft," were well sung. The concert concluded with the National Anthem, arranged by Dr. G. J. Elvey.

LEEDS.—The People's Concert on the evening of Saturday was again well attended. The vocalists included the party who appeared some time ago—Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. A. Pierce, and Mr. Frank Bodda, with Herr Henric Jahns, the Hungarian tenor. Mr. Spark was the conductor. The programme was a good one. Herr Jahns again produced a thrilling effect. His first song, from the opera *A Night in Granada*, was encored, and a native composition substituted. In the second part Herr Jahns was put down to sing "The Death of Nelson," but not being well "up" in his English an apology was made, and "The Standard Bearer" given instead. The audience, however, had been expecting Braham's famous song, and were not pleased with the change. The concert terminated with the National Anthem.

GRAVESEND.—On Thursday the 4th inst., Mr. W. A. Leggatt gave his first concert at the Literary Institution, on which occasion he was assisted by Miss Poole, Mrs. R. Limpus, Miss Lizzie Best, Messrs. Fielding, Seymour, and Herr Jonghman. Mr. R. Limpus was the accompanist. Altogether, the concert gave the highest satisfaction, and went off most successfully. The room, which has just been elegantly decorated, presented a brilliant appearance, and was crowded to overflowing by the élite of the neighbourhood. Nearly two hundred persons were unable to gain admission.

KNARESBOROUGH.—On Monday the 1st, two concerts were given in the National School by Messrs. Strickland, Plowman, Hild, Hudson, and Holmes, from the Wilberforce School for the Blind, York, assisted by Miss Maria Wilson, late a pupil in the same institution. At the evening concert several of the glees and songs were encored.

RIPON.—On Tuesday evening, the 2nd instant, the members of the Ripon Amateur Society gave a concert at the public rooms, Low Skellgate. The vocalists were Miss Barwick, and a portion of the Cathedral choir. The instrumental performers were under the direction of Mr. J. W. Sparrow. The attendance was numerous.

BATH.—Two concerts for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund were given on Tuesday morning and evening, at the Assembly

Rooms, by Mr. Duck. The instrumental performance was relieved by Miss Milner, who sang two ballads and obtained an encore in one. The flute solo by Mr. H. Nicholson, that by Mr. Harper on the cornet, Mr. Maycock on the clarinet, and Mr. Larken on the bassoon gave great satisfaction.

MANCHESTER.—Madame Szczepanowska, a resident professor, on Monday last gave a musical evening to her pupils and friends, at her house, Cornbrook Park. The lady was assisted by Mr. C. A. Seymour, Mr. Guilmette, Master Lockwood, and a young débütante, a pupil of Mr. Guilmette. Madame Szczepanowska and Mr. Seymour played Beethoven's grand sonata in F for pianoforte and violin. Master Lockwood played a harp solo upon the aria "Non più mesta."

LIVERPOOL.—The excellence of Mr. E. W. Thomas's band of sixty performers, at his shilling concerts at the Philharmonic-hall, during the week, has been most advantageously displayed in the selections from Mendelssohn's Italian symphony, Beethoven's symphony in A, Haydn's Surprise symphony, and the overtures to *Leonora*, *Jessonda*, *William Tell*, *Masaniello*, and *Der Frieschütz*. In the dance music the effect was not so striking. The principal solo performers have been Mr. R. Blagrove, concertina; Mr. Lazarus, clarinet; Mr. Hawkes, trombone; Mr. Lidel, violoncello; Mr. H. Blagrove, violin; Mr. Jennings, oboe; and Mr. G. A. W. Phillips, cornet. Mr. R. Blagrove, who made his débüt before a Liverpool audience on Monday night, was very successful on the concertina. Miss Ransford sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," remarkably well, and was much applauded.

WEYMOUTH.—On Thursday evening week, Mr. R. Linter gave a concert at the Royal Hotel Assembly Rooms for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in the East. The vocal portion was sustained by Miss Hughes, whose singing was much applauded.

ADOLPHE ADAM AND HIS THEATRE.

(Translated from *L'Europe Artiste*.)

The theatre of M. Adam, *vulgo* the Théâtre-Lyrique, presents with an obstinacy which does it honour, to-day *La Reine d'un Jour*, by M. Adolphe Adam; to-morrow *Le Muletier de Tolède*, by M. Adolphe Adam; the day after, *La Reine* of the day before; then, four-and-twenty hours later, *Le Muletier*, preceded by a short one-act opera, equally by M. Adolphe Adam. That honourable musician, it has been suggested, might have engraved upon his visiting cards on New Year's Day, the following prospectus:—

Furnisher, patented—without guarantee of musical genius—to the Third Lyric Theatre.

Makes duets, trios, airs, couplets, concerted pieces, and everything in his line, all at a reasonable price and within the means of every one.

Orders executed with the utmost promptitude.

An opera in three acts delivered within 24 hours.

An opera in two acts delivered within 12 hours.

An opera in one act delivered within six hours.

The furnisher only requires the time absolutely necessary to write down the notes.

GREENWICH.—Mr. Morley's concert took place on Thursday evening week. A crowded audience assembled. The vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The instrumental performers were Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. Richardson. The duet by Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves, "E il sol dell'anima," from Verdi's opera, *Rigoletto*, was sung to perfection. Mr. Reeves created a *furore* in the new national song, "England and Victory," which he gave with immense point and energy. Mr. Richardson played a solo. Mr. J. L. Hatton sang comic songs; Mr. Weiss sang his own "Village Blacksmith," and Mr. Brinley Richards was encored in his brilliant and popular variations on "Rule Britannia." The concert wound up with the national anthem, sung by the whole of the company, Mr. Sims Reeves taking the solo verses.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

To ORGANISTS.—*The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE IV'S. STATUE is informed that the article in No. 49, and that in No. 51, of last year's volume, were not written by the same contributor. So that he may still, to use his own words, "sit in silence," and chew the cud of disappointment. The style of his complaint smacks strongly of the *Minerva Press*. **ROSA MATILDA** herself, in her moments of darkest inspiration, never described one of her out-and-out villains in colours of deeper dye than those in which our imaginative correspondent has painted the unfortunate gentleman whom he presumes to hold the unenviable post of editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD*. *May his liver never shrink, and his bile never be less.*

G. B.—*We have no correspondents at the places indicated: but any information from G. B. will be attended to without "fee." The announcement that singers are about to sing of course belongs to the advertisement department; but the record of what, where, and how they have sung, is a matter of news.*

MUSICA.—*Our correspondent's news will be welcome; but it is of no use to us unless it arrives very much earlier. The facts contained in his letter have already been recorded, as he may see by reference to back numbers.*

A CHORUS SINGER.—*Will our correspondent favour us with his name and address—in confidence, of course?*

C. J. H.—*Can any of our readers inform our correspondent of the value of a copy of "Marcello's Psalms", 4 vols., quarto, Paris, Carli; also Clari's "Madrigals, Trios, and Duets," in 2 vols., uniform with Marcello's?*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1855.

THE complaint of "A Professional Chorus-Singer," inserted in another part of our impression, lays open a field of discussion which has too long been enclosed and defended by the hedges and hurdles of prejudice. Our correspondent having made a breach in the hedge, and kicked down the hurdle with the hoofs of invincible truth, we are at liberty to enter the field and take a free and unrestricted survey. Our "Chorus-singer" states his case in a plain, straightforward, unexaggerated manner, with equal calmness and discretion, with a careful eschewal of personalities, and with arguments so simple and clear, that it is impossible to controvert them. His letter is well worth reading; and its circulation, through the medium of our columns, may possibly lead, sooner or later, to some modification of those hard conditions under which the members of his profession are too often compelled to wage a painful struggle for a scanty and precarious livelihood.

The kernel of the abuse is this:—Professional chorus-singers cannot live with moderate ease and comfort, since they are partially deprived of their means of existence by the voluntary interposition of amateurs. Now, that amateurs should devote their hours of leisure to the pursuit of so delightful and innocent an art as music, can only be a source of satisfaction to its followers and well-wishers; and that amateurs should found societies, and give performances in public on their own account, with or without professional assistance, is equally commendable. But that amateurs should obtrude themselves in places where professors glean their uncertain livelihood, and offer services gratis to the detriment of those who would otherwise be hired, and whose bread depends entirely upon such engagements, is unjust and intolerable. The idea of Her Majesty the Queen "inviting" Mr. Bowley, and half the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to sing for her amusement, unremunerated, at the Palace of Windsor, is simply preposterous. Her Majesty does no such thing, and can do no such thing. If the Queen wants a concert of vocal and instrumental music, she pays, or intends to pay, for it. The fact is indisputable. Why, indeed, should she not? She pays her private band, and Mr. Anderson, its conductor; she pays M. Sainton, her solo-violinist; she pays Mrs. Anderson, her pianist; and pays them all liberally. How then can it be explained that, when Her Majesty is desirous of a choral performance, she should expect to obtain the chorus-singers for nothing? Does any officious individual whisper into her Royal ear that there are no such things to be had as professional choristers, and that, in consequence, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society (gentlemen and ladies in competent circumstances) would feel honoured in being accorded the distinguished favour of singing "gratis" for the edification of the Queen and Prince? If not, how does it happen that at the recent choral performance in Windsor Castle, so few out of the many professional chorus singers, who are almost starving for lack of employment, were engaged? Not to say the guinea, which the Queen would cheerfully give, but the hot supper, which, after the performance, was devoured by the representatives of the Exeter Hall "700," would have been infinitely serviceable to any and all of these unfortunate singers, for whom guineas are scarce, and even suppers not plentiful.

Much the same thing, it may be remembered, occurred last year at the inauguration of the new Crystal Palace. No end of amateurs, and, among the rest, the entire "700" got places in the orchestra, and enjoyed the sight literally for "a song"—to the loss and detriment of the poor professor, the hungry and emaciated chorus-singer.

The question of how far amateurs have a natural right, and how far they have no right whatever, to come between the professional artist and his employers, and thereby take the piece of bread out of his mouth—not to eat it, but to throw it away, or give it back to the donor—is one of great importance, and cries aloud for settlement. We hold it our bounden duty, as protectors of the rights and immunities of the profession, to give that question speedy and serious consideration; and if the remarks suggested to us by the honest and not unmanly letter of our correspondent lead to further communications on the subject, we shall be too happy to devote so much of our space as we can spare to a matter so urgent and of such vital interest to a numerous, deserving, hard-working, and by no means well paid section of the musical community.

WE have received the following angry and not over-courteous letter from the Secretary of the Panopticon, repudiating the charges contained in our leader of last week, relative to the unworthy uses to which Mr. Hill's fine organ is submitted:

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—The attention of the managers of this institution has been called to an article in your last number respecting the organ at the Royal Panopticon and the music performed on that instrument.

Fair criticism is not objected to by them, but it is not too much to require that persons indulging in strictures on public institutions should take the trouble of acquainting themselves with the facts on which they offer their comments.

It is charitable to suppose that the writer of the article referred to has not seen the programme of the performances at the Royal Panopticon nor attended there at the hours specified for the organ performances, otherwise he could not have fallen into the gross mistake of stating that he could never, during the day, hear a "shadow of a fugue, prelude, or sonata." That statement is, to use his own language, "utterly disgraceful," as any one may satisfy himself who will take the trouble of looking over the file of the programmes. No day has elapsed since the opening of the institution on which organ music, including Händel, J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, Bröck, Schneider, Hesse, Krebs, and other composers of the same stamp, has not formed an item in the programme. As regards the incidental use of the organ at other periods, it is palpably absurd to object to it, so long as the legitimate use of the instrument for its highest purposes is not lost sight of.

Trusting to your sense of justice, that you will insert this letter for the information of the public and the benefit of your musical critic,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
Royal Panopticon of Science & Art, T. L. BROWN, Secretary.
Leicester Square,
9th January, 1855.

It appears, then, that one of our charges is unsubstantiated, and that the programmes are not altogether so destitute of musical interest as was insinuated. The great organ composers, from Sebastian Bach to Krebs (!), have their specified corner; and when Mr. Best is not firing off canon at the *Battle of Alma*, or enlivening *Aladdin's Lamp* with an echo from those strains which the philanthropic Robert Schumann has devoted to the edification of the infant mind, he may solace himself and his more initiated hearers with something more worthy of his own talent and their appreciation. This, at any rate, is consoling.

It is not, however, "palpably absurd" (as Mr. Brown insists), to object to a noble instrument like the Panopticon organ being employed in the illustration of shows and transparencies—an office more congenial to the harmonium, or the pert and clamorous cornet-à-pistons, so well beloved of "gents" and Oxford graduates. On the contrary, it is "palpably absurd" in the manager of the institution to sanction such a desecration—for it is nothing else. The organ is the most important feature of the Panopticon. It cost a large sum of money; and how highly its value was estimated, appears from the engagement of one of the most practised performers in the world to exhibit its quality to the public. But how can Mr. Best do justice to himself and to the instrument under his charge, if he is denied unrestricted liberty of action? If at one moment he is set down to Bach's pedal fugues or Mendelssohn's sonatas, and at another to do the work of first fiddle at the pantomime? If the managers of the Panopticon (as it is reasonable to suppose) are proud of their organ, and desire to make its merits familiar to the public, they cannot do better than leave Mr. Best to follow his own convictions. A musician, no less than an organist, he is naturally a better judge of his art, and of what is requisite under the circumstances that led to his connection with the Panopticon, than any of those gentlemen who, in

the exercise of official officiousness, control and fetter him. We are quite sure, at least, that he must be anything but pleased with the manner in which his services are misdirected.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE "Mendelssohn Festival" at M. Jullien's Concerts never fails to attract the crowd. Whatever the cause—whether a real love for the music of the great master, gradually instilled into the public mind, or reverence for a mighty name, of which vanity would fain induce the acknowledgment—we cannot say; but the fact is uncontested. The music of Mendelssohn not only allures multitudes, but creates listeners; and, doubtless, at these rare entertainments,

"Many who come to scoff, remain to—hear."

Good music is in the ascendant, thanks to M. Jullien, who, by his infusion of the grave with the light in his programme, has transformed a listless and ignorant crowd into an attentive and appreciating audience. On Tuesday evening—when the "Mendelssohn Festival" of the new series was given—never was the assembly more numerous, never more attentive. Though crowded to inconvenience, more especially in the promenade and gallery, the visitors were decorous and silent, delighted with the performance, and liberal of their applause. For such music and such playing, they would have undergone a martyrdom—and, indeed, many appeared to suffer little short of it.

The programme was admirable. First came the "Italian" Symphony (in A major)—the complete work, executed in a brilliant manner by the band, and enthusiastically received, especially the last movement—"saltarello"—with its spirited and picturesque allusions to the bustle and humour of the Italian carnival.

This was followed by the pianoforte concerto, in G minor—the most popular of all pianoforte concertos, it would seem, with artists who *can* play—performed with irresistible effect, and in her most exquisite manner by Madame Pleyel, who was rewarded with thunders of applause at the end, and had to repeat the last movement, playing, if possible, even better than before.

The graceful and charming overture to *The Son and Stranger* (*Heimkehr*) succeeded. This was the first time of its performance by M. Jullien's band, and is not likely to be the last. Though unelaborate and almost unpretending, it betrays the hand of the master, and the fancy of original genius, and is a composition of high interest to the cultivated amateur. Miss Dolby came next with her quiet, natural and thoroughly charming reading of "The First Violet," a gem of expressive melody—if a flower may be called a "gem." This was very deservedly encored, and was heard in the repetition with increased pleasure, as could hardly fail to be the result of such perfect taste and genuine feeling. Miss Dolby, by the way, made her first appearance on Tuesday night at M. Jullien's concerts for some time. She appeared in place of Madame Anna Thillon, absent from "indisposition." Miss Dolby has been engaged for six nights.

The one violin concerto of Mendelssohn has never, we venture to assert, found so able and genial an interpreter as Herr Ernst. So grand a work in the hands of so great and inspired a player, could not fail to create a sensation, and it is not too much to say that the concerto was the "special feature" of the evening's performance. Perhaps on no former occasion has the German violinist—full of the vigorous intellect and dreamy imagination of his native country—been heard to more conspicuous advantage. Briefly, the performance, like the music, was an exhibition of genius of the rarest order from first to last. It is scarcely necessary to add that Herr Ernst was welcomed with acclamations, and applauded with enthusiasm.

The two concertos were conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, to whom M. Jullien has delegated the superintendence of the solos, vocal and instrumental. He could not have consigned them to abler hands, as was testified by the delicate and satisfactory manner in which both Madame Pleyel and Herr Ernst were accompanied by the orchestra on Tuesday night.

The "Mendelssohn" part of the programme—the first part—terminated with a vigorous performance of the well-known Wedding March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the second part, the "Allied Armies" Quadrille," the "Pantomime Quadrille," the quintet by Festa, "Das Mädchen am Fenster," played by MM. Duhem, Stenebrugge, Simar, Hughes, and Herr Koenig, the "Moldavian Schottische," the "Atlantic Galop," and M. Lavigne's oboe solo on airs from *La Sonnambula*, made up the instrumental features. Miss Dolby sang the Scotch song, "Over the sea."

Herr Koenig's benefit took place last night, when several novelties were given, among others, a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a new *valse*, with cornet *obbligato*, composed expressly for the occasion by Herr Koenig. Beethoven's "Adelaida" was performed by Herr Koenig on the cornet. The house was crammed. The "Beethoven Festival" is announced for Tuesday next, when Herr Ernst will play the entire of Beethoven's only concerto for the violin and Mad. Pleyel the pianoforte concerto in C minor. The success of the concerts at Covent Garden is quite as great and unvarying as at Drury Lane.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S MUSICAL LECTURE.

THE first lecture "On the ancient keyed-stringed instruments, which preceded and originated the Pianoforte" was delivered by Mr. Charles Salaman, on Tuesday evening last, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, before a crowded audience. Mr. Salaman hoped that, considering the almost social importance of the Pianoforte and how little was known respecting its origin, progress, and development, some information upon the subject might prove of sufficient general interest to merit the attention of the public, etc., etc. He then proceeded to show, by reference to well executed diagrams, that certain stringed instruments in general use in the middle ages were reproductions of some very ancient Jewish instruments mentioned in Scripture. He described the Psaltery or Dulcimer, and the Sackbut, which in form and character much resembled the "Chinor" and "Nebel" of the ancients, these instruments being played by plectra. As the science of music began to be generally cultivated, a single instrument which could produce combined sounds was found necessary; this necessity produced the Clavichord, which was a combination of the strings of the psalter with the keys of the organ. It was the parent of all keyed-stringed instruments. Mr. Salaman proved its great antiquity by reference to old Italian and English writers. Its birth-place was Italy. Mr. Salaman described its mechanism, and presented extremely interesting details respecting its use in England and Germany. Mr. Salaman then introduced the Virginals, the favourite instrument of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; and performed upon it "The Carman's Whistle," with variations by the famous William Byrd. The virginal upon which Mr. Salaman performed is most picturesque, and is a very rare specimen of that venerable instrument. Its appearance excited much sensation. It was the first time the virginals had ever appeared in public. Mr. Salaman performed some most interesting compositions by Byrd, Dr. Bull, and Orlando Gibbons, upon a very fine Reicher Harpsichord. The applause was great and continuous. The subject of the virginals gave occasion for many interesting particulars from quaint old English and Italian authors relative to music and manners in the 16th century. The names of some of the very ancient virginal lessons convulsed the audience with laughter. Mr. Salaman then presented the Spinett. Julius Caesar Scaliger traces the Spinett from the ancient Greek and other instruments, which were sounded from beneath by *plectra* ranged in a certain order, and to which points of quills were attached. It was a very fashionable instrument in England, and in other countries, etc. The Harpsichord was then introduced, and Mr. Salaman played upon Händel's own double harpsichord, kindly lent to him by the Messrs. Broadwood, the air and variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith."

In the course of his allusion to the harpsichord-makers, Mr. Salaman might have added, that the most renowned manufacturer of the instrument in this country was Jacobus

Kirkman, founder of the well-known establishment of Kirkman and Co., pianoforte makers.

Mr. Salaman's illustrative performances on the various instruments were as artistic as his observations were instructive, and the lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

GRISI AND MARIO AT NEW YORK.

SOME more tittle-tattle about the two great artists, extracted from the New York journals, will not prove uninteresting to our readers. The *New York Musical World*, alluding to their latest performances, says :—

"*Norma* and the *Barber of Seville* have been the operas of the past week at the Academy. The attendance has been small, but the enthusiasm great. We are always afraid to begin to 'let on' as regards the singing and acting of Grisi and Mario. It is so superlatively fine, that one is irresistibly drawn off from his standpoint of critical watchfulness and transported into the realms of ejaculations and superlatives. In fact, who would wish to criticise, when heart, and eye, and ear, and intellect are fully and perfectly satisfied, and we feel that we could receive no more of pleasure if they could impart it to us? Thus we felt at the performance of the *Barber of Seville*, and therefore we are constrained—to let criticism rest, and say nothing more about the opera this week."

Our contemporary, although afraid to animadvert upon matters "operatic," is by no means timid in expressing himself on other matters :—

"Madame Grisi says that she cannot accustom herself to the ladies' bonnets at the opera. It seems to her just as though people sent their servants to hear her sing instead of coming themselves. We hope that this hint may not be lost upon the fair Bostonians, whom Grisi is now about to visit, but that they may hood themselves well, this cold weather, and then fully display their symmetrical phenomena as soon as they arrive within opera-doors. Grisi herself certainly makes every sacrifice to the proprieties of things. Last Monday night, when the cold was excessive without doors, and ladies kept on their furs, and gentlemen were not comfortable without the entire length of their modern surtouts-continuations within doors, Grisi was on the stage in bare arms and unprotected shoulders; and only slipped on a mantilla for a moment, while ensconced behind the piano with Mario, where she was directly exposed to a cold draught of air from the side scenes. Indeed, how Grisi or anybody else can bear the exposure of the stage, and the multitudinous cold currents issuing therefrom, we are at a loss to know."

He is even bolder when he writes of Mario and the New York exquisites :—

"Mario parts his hair in the middle—therefore our young New York gentry are beginning to do the same. Even those who have not the courage to come up to the decided centre of things, are *sidling* up to it. The seam of division upon the head is gradually creeping up, and the youthful *caput* we see at the opera have less the one-sided appearance heretofore imparted by wearing most of the hair on one side, but begin to get into shape. We trust that the balance and equipoise thus secured outside, will be realised also in the interior arrangements."

We cannot imagine the American male physiognomy greatly improved by this mode of *coiffure*. Being republicans, however, we suppose the Yankees are fond of an "equal division" in all things. Mario may now be said to suit the New-Yorkers to a hair, and his motto should henceforth be "*divide et impera*"—which being interpreted (loosely) means "divide and wear an imperial." If the illustrious tenor has not quite turned the heads of the Americans, he has at all events managed to comb and brush them.

MARIE CRUVELLI.—"Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli, sister of our illustrious *cantatrice*, made her *début* at Francfort, on the 31st of December, in the character of Fides in the *Prophète*. She obtained the unanimous suffrages of the public, and was recalled three times after the fall of the curtain. "This young artist," says the *Francfort Journal*, "is gifted with a powerful and harmonious contralto voice, and possesses an excellent method. It is not too much to fancy that one day she will be a worthy competitor of her celebrated sister."—*Messager des Théâtres et des Arts*.

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

This great *chef-d'œuvre*, which was expressly composed by Beethoven, with a view to the London Philharmonic Society, was first performed in this country, by the band of that Society, in the Argyle-rooms, Regent-street, on Monday, the 21st of March, 1825. The following somewhat scurvy notice of this grand inspiration, now universally recognised as the noblest and most profound of the nine immortal symphonies, from the pen of a recognised critic, appeared at the time in one of the principal journals; and will now, we think, be read with some curiosity, considerable interest, more surprise, and unmitigated contempt:—

"The third Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Monday last, proved an unusually potent attraction, on account of the new symphony by Beethoven, composed expressly for the Society. Symphonies for an orchestra have ever been considered as the highest species of instrumental composition; and it is with them as with tragedies: the number of either which, through intrinsic excellence, have stood the test of time, is extremely limited. If hardly any nation can boast of more than about half-a-dozen poets who have acquired immortal fame by their tragedies, the poverty in composers of symphonies is still more obvious. Italy, England, and France, though well supplied with good works in almost every other department of the art, have none; and the only country, where such compositions have been pre-eminently cultivated, is Germany. But, even in Germany, there are only three individuals (Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven) whose symphonies are universally admired, and have hitherto been considered as unsurpassable models. If the Rombergs, Spohr, Ries, Fesca, are mentioned, it is only doing justice to their spirit of emulation, should they be doomed to remain at a considerable distance from this triumvirate. Whenever, therefore, a genius like Beethoven enriches the art with a new work of this description, its first performance is as anxiously looked for as that of a new opera by Mozart or Weber. Still, it cannot be expected that anything like an analysis of the merits and demerits of a production of this kind should be given in this place, after a single hearing. Upon an elaborate composition of such vast compass, it is hazardous to pronounce, even generally, a decided opinion. Profound, complicated music, if really good, always improves on intimacy, and a certain degree of familiarity with it is necessary to a full perception of its beauties. If we were to judge, only, by the impression the symphony made on the majority of the audience—i.e., the amateurs—we should not hesitate to say it was a failure; but their disapprobation may, in some measure, be attributed to its excessive length (about seventy minutes), to the lateness of the hour, or to the fatigue occasioned by listening to the seven long pieces in the first act which preceded it. The professional musicians we had an opportunity of consulting were unanimous in their judgment, that it contains some magnificent parts worthy of Beethoven; with others, in which, if the expression be allowable, he has run far from himself.

"The symphony consists of four movements, and is written in F; the first, an *allegro*, most strangely begins on the dominant instead of the key note, and continues so for some bars; so that the hearer remains all that while in suspense and uncertainty. The second movement, a *scherzo*, somewhat in the style of the ancient gigue, is very long and very little varied: the few constituent ideas are made the best of by means of modulations, inversions, and imitations. The transition from three-fourth to common time, was justly considered one of the most beautiful parts of the whole. In the last movement, of all the most ultra, the instruments jointly prepare the vocal part (the words of which at least in the German manuscript, are taken from Schiller's Ode to Joy) by a *recitative*. Next, the basses give the melody on which this movement is mainly founded, and which is certainly most charming and original: the other instruments take it up successively, till at last the orchestra and the voices join in a most charming *ensemble*. The principal defects of the composition, besides its most extraordinary length, seem to be a want of regular design, and of uniformity in the parts;

abrupt modulations; too frequent and too sudden changes of time; and, lastly, some very common-place ideas. Some passages are so unaccountable, that one certainly could not help thinking Beethoven must have written them in that unhappy state of melancholy, of discontent with his fate, and of despair, under which it is known he sometimes labours. The vocal part was well sustained by Madame Caradori (who earned the most deserved applause), Miss Goodall, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Phillips.

The same critic, the late Mr. Jerdan—of whom Southey wrote in a poetical address to his friend Charles Lamb,

Methinks, old friend, thou art not worse bested,
Since dullness threw a Jerdan at thy head—

was noted for his virulent, senseless, and vituperative attacks upon Lord Byron, during the latter period of his career.

HUMMEL'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN LIFE.

BEING applied to by M. Sonnleithner, member of the Society of Friends to Music in Vienna, and editor of the *General Biography of celebrated Austrian Musicians* for some particulars of his artistic career, Hummel, deservedly one of the most eminent of them, drew up the following brief and graphic sketch in reply:—

"Weimar, May 22, 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—Excuse my having left your letter so long unanswered—the reason is, that it arrived here just as I had started off on a journey to Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, whence I have just returned. I now fulfil your wish with the greatest pleasure, the more especially as it tends to the glory of the imperial city, by celebrating the artist-talent that it has produced or cultivated.

"I was born November the 14th, 1778, at Presburg. The particulars of my life, up to a certain period, you may find given in the *Conversations-Lexicon*. My father, who was a good musician, undertook the first development of my talent, which afterwards, from my seventh to my ninth year, had the advantage of Mozart's instruction. I then travelled with my father through Germany, Denmark, Holland, England, and Scotland. The encouragement I received on all sides, added to my own diligence and strong predisposition to music, spurred me forwards; as for what concerns the pianoforte, I was left, with Mozart's instruction, entirely to myself, and have been, upon that instrument, my own preceptor. My first attempts at composition were made about my eleventh or twelfth year, and though they bear the impression of the taste of their day, and of the childhood of their author, they still show character, regularity, and a disposition for harmony, which is the more remarkable as I had not then received any instruction in composition.

"In my fifteenth year I returned to Vienna, studied counterpoint under Albrechtsberger, and enjoyed Salieri's instruction in vocal composition, more particularly in an aesthetical and philosophical view of it. During these my studious years, I worked mostly in quiet for my own improvement, seldom publishing anything. The three fugues, Op. 7, and the variations, Op. 8, were what first drew upon me the observation of the *connoisseur* world. As I had already acquired the first place as a player at Vienna, I was much occupied in teaching. My pupils were so numerous, that for ten years I taught daily from nine to ten hours; and, in order to improve in composition, I accustomed myself to be at my writing desk, both winter and summer, by four o'clock, as I had no other time left.

"From 1794 to 1814 I gave up playing in public at Vienna, as many circumstances stood in the way of it, and I had, moreover, lost the inclination. I, however, still continued to extemporise in private circles, among my friends and the more devoted amateurs of the art. During these years, I produced compositions of almost every species, that have had the applause of connoisseurs as well as amateurs, and have gradually established my reputation in foreign countries. In 1803, Joseph

Haydn got me appointed to the service of the Duke of Wurtemberg; as, however, the Duke afterward altered his mind, and (for a reason with which few persons are acquainted) would not engage any new *Kapellmeister* from Vienna, Haydn, then becoming very old, recommended me to his own master, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, as *Concert-Meister*, to supply his place in his declining years. I remained attached to this establishment, which consisted of nearly one hundred musicians, till its breaking up in 1811.

"From this time I lived privately at Vienna till 1815, when I once more appeared in public as a player. The year after, when the wars had disappeared, I was seized with an inclination to travel, and made a musical tour to Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, and Breslau, where I was received with such applause and distinction that I resolved to go to England, and stay there for a term of years; on returning to Vienna, however, I found lying for me the commission of Royal *Kapellmeister* to the King of Wurtemberg. I altered my plan, and accepted of the engagement, which seemed to open to me a fine field for exertion. However, before I had been installed four weeks in my new appointment, the King, who was a distinguished connoisseur, died, and, after remaining two years and a half, I resigned the place, and accepted that of Weimar instead, where I am still established as *Kapellmeister*, under the auspices of the accomplished Grand Duke, and of my distinguished pupil the Grand Duchess.

"Since 1816, I have made many musical tours through Germany, Holland, Russia, and France, in all of which I have had the greatest success. I have had the honour to be appointed a member of the society *Les enfans d'Apollon* in Paris, and also of another society in Geneva; a medal, with my bust, has likewise been struck in Paris. The number of my printed works, large and small, hitherto amounts to 110, and consists of pieces for the chamber, the concert-room, the church, and the theatre; besides these, I have a great number of unprinted vocal and church compositions, and also an extensive theoretical and practical school for the pianoforte, which I have just completed. You have here, my dear friend, all that I can inform you respecting my artist-life, and it will give me great pleasure to learn that it has answered your purpose.

"Faithfully yours, J. N. HUMMEL."

PANOPTICON.—There is a sect of philosophers who contend that Art and Science are natural enemies; that, as the one advances the other must retrogress, or, at least, that like oil and vinegar and other heterogeneous compounds, they will never amalgamate kindly. This is, in fact, telling us, that to understand a cause, is to lose all sense of the beauty of the effect. In spite of the philosophers, however, Art and Science are certainly becoming sworn brothers. Meantime, what would our ancestors in the days of the Inquisition have said could they have seen steel bars severed in a few seconds amidst a hissing shower of livid flame? holes bored in iron plates an inch thick, with as much ease and rapidity as you could puncture a piece of card with a pin? By what but "some devilish cantrip sleight," could bundles of nails and steel filings be made to assume life, and bristle up into form and consistence at the word of the operator. Among the scientific contributions at the Panopticon, the electrical experiments are the most interesting. The best sculptures are "The Veiled Peri," by Monti—a very vision and day-dream of beauty, and the "Deer-Stalker," by Stephens. The visitor should not omit a look at the Cosmorama of St. Petersburgh and Moscow. Of the organ and Mr. Best's performances, we spoke last week. The dioramic views have been changed by no means for the better. Those of the campaign of the Crimea have but little interest, excepting the view of Sebastopol; and the sooner the "History of Aladdin" is abandoned, the better.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—Miss Leete, lately deceased, has bequeathed to the above institution the sum of two hundred pounds, free of legacy duty.

PAGANINI being once asked who he considered the first violinist in the world, answered "I don't know who is the first; Lipinsky is the second."

FILIPPO GALLI.

THE name of Filippo Galli is not unknown to the frequenters of the Opera. Rossini wrote some of his celebrated barytone parts for him—among others, Assur in *Seneramide*, and Maometto in *Maometto Secondo*—and, from 1807 to 1826, he was reckoned the most eminent florid barytone of his time. Filippo Galli was born in Rome, of a highly respectable family of the middle class. He learned music as a pastime; but so decided was the bent of his mind, that his father, not without opposition on the part of his mother—who dreamed a brighter destiny for her son than that illuminated by footlights—determined to place him on the stage. Accordingly, his education was confided to one of the most celebrated soprano singers of that cathedral-trained band who owe to the surgeon's knife the preservation of their voices. He appeared on the first stage of Italy. Tall, handsome, well-made, witty, agreeable, his success was immense, especially in Naples, in the San Carlo theatre, where he was the idol of the day and night.

For seven years—years of unvarying success—Filippo Galli sang the parts of a grave tenor. What a voice! A fever seized on him. When he recovered he found that the fever had carried off his voice with it. Imagine his discouragement—his despair! After some time, however, he had a magnificent bass voice; and in 1813 he made his *début* as a basso in Trieste, in a company where Ronconi's father, and Rosina Pinotti, Lablache's sister-in-law, played. His success was so complete, that from that moment Rossini composed his best parts for him; and each part was a new triumph for composer and artist. Rossini and Filippo Galli were on a footing of most affectionate friendship. One was never seen without the other. On the promenades, at the theatres, cafés, in society—they shared the same table, and often shared the same bed. They had just arrived in Milan, more affectionate than ever, in consequence of their joint labour in *La Gazzetta Ladra*, then in all the glory of novelty, when on a sudden the strangest rumours were afloat in the vicinity of the Scala theatre. The composer and singer had quarrelled. They had disagreed as to the manner in which an air in the opera should be sung. They had ceased to speak. Poor Italy had then, as now, nothing to talk about except art and artists; and as she threw into the narrow channel all the intense temperament of her character, this news excited a whirlwind of emotion. Before the curtain rose, the vast audience of La Scala, agitated by its curiosity, was tossed as by some storm-lashed ocean. Galli was received with the enthusiastic applause which always greeted him. When he sang the auditors became silent. Perhaps he was never more touching, never more impassioned in his acting, never sang the music of Ninetta's father better than on this night. When he ceased, the plaudits recommenced. He was recalled five or six times—they would not allow him to leave the stage. Then it was Rossini's turn for applause—in Italy the composer always directs the orchestra in person. There was a new excitement, and after the public had applauded, and Rossini bowed sufficiently, the audience cried to Rossini and Galli—"Embrace and be friends; make it up, make it up! *Vive Galli! vive Rossini!*" The two friends flew into each other's arms, weeping, amidst immense acclamations.

In 1821, Filippo Galli came to Paris. He first sang at the Grand-Opéra, and with his usual success. In 1825, he joined the company at the Italian Opera, then composed of Mesdames Pasta, Malibran, Fodor, Sontag, Monbelli; Signors David, Zucchini, Curioni, etc., etc. He remained at the Italiens but a short time, and returned to Italy, where for eight consecutive years he remained a star of the first magnitude at the Scala. Then he went to Rome, to Madrid, and, tempted by the large offers made him, to Mexico. On his return he sang in Barcelona, Madrid, and Milan, when he bade farewell to the footlights, and applause, and fortune.

During his whole artistic life, Filippo Galli had received an enormous income, varying from three thousand to eight or nine thousand pounds; but such was his generosity, his extravagance, and his negligence, that he returned from Mexico even poorer than when he went there. His table and his purse were open

to all. When Rossini brought him his engagement at Paris, he begged of him to be economical in future. Galli promised readily, and told Rossini he should see the fruits of his kind advice at the end of the season. After the season closed, the great maestro asked him if he had kept his promise. "Yes, indeed," replied he; "you know I got 20,000 francs in debt every year; this year I have only gone 8,000 francs in debt; so you see I have economised 12,000 francs clear."

The last years of Filippo Galli's life were sad enough. Poverty oppressed, disease racked, charity supported him; and after all these triumphs, all these crowns, all this applause, and all this fortune, he did not leave money enough behind him to pay the church and the grave-digger. His friends had forgotten him.

The crowd now applaud Napoleone Rossi.

REVIEWS.

"THIRD SET OF SIX MELODIES," for the Violin and Piano.
By Bernhard Molique. G. Scherumann.

THE first and second sets of "Melodies" for violin and pianoforte, which were published by Herr Molique some time ago, have been so successful (and with such good reason) that the appearance of a third was confidently expected. In this description of *song without words*, as in his minor vocal compositions, M. Molique is eminently at home—a presumptive proof, among many others, that he who can do large things well is most likely to be happy in small.

The "melodies" before us are in a great measure easier than the others; and the pianoforte accompaniments are much less elaborate—conditions that are likely to enhance their chance of an extended circulation. For freshness of thought and fluency of *time* they yield nothing to their predecessors; while they are written for the principal instrument with that exquisite propriety which invariably distinguishes the contributions of M. Molique to the violin. It is indeed gratifying to have to speak of such music—of music so unaffectedly beautiful and so thoroughly conscientious, written with such care, and finished with such completeness—yet not with the nervous susceptibility of a barren invention, but with the lively attachment of a vigorous and healthy nature to the creations of its fancy. Every one of the six "melodies" has a marked character, and an accompaniment in good keeping—always ingenious, replete with fine harmony, and, at the same time, natural and flowing. No two of them bear any resemblance to each other. The first (in B minor) so touching and plaintive; the second (in A) graceful and sparkling; the third (in C) clear, open, and elegantly melodious; the fourth (in G minor), simple, though marked by an earnest and passionate feeling; the fifth (in B flat), tenderly expressive; and the sixth (in F), playful, sportive, and capricious. Each has a type and colour, each is itself, and all are attractive and spontaneous. What more need be said to recommend them—if, indeed, the name of their gifted and respected author be not a sufficient recommendation in itself?

"REVERIE."—*La Prière des Anges*.—Pour le Pianoforte.—Par Jules Egghard. Ewer and Co.

A not very remarkable melody, accompanied by a not very remarkable arpeggio. The same thing has been written in the same manner somewhere near a thousand times. The eminent pianist, Sigismund Thalberg, has much to answer for.

"STARS OF NIGHT." Canon for Soprano, Tenor and Bass, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Composed by P. Lindpaintner.

"THOU, MY HEART, ART NOT FORSAKEN." Canon for Three Trebles, with Pianoforte. By Ferdinand Sieber. Ewer and Co.

"Stars of Night" is a smoothly written round, in A flat, lying conveniently for the voices, and graceful, if not original. The *coda*—with the *flat seventh*, introducing the time-honoured transition to the sub-dominant—contains an effective passage for the voices alone. The accompaniment offers nothing remarkable.

"Thou, my heart," in E flat, is much the same sort of thing as the other; but the melody is more in the Mozartish vein, and therefore more *distingué*, though not a bit more original. The accompaniment is somewhat richer in harmony than that of M. Lindpaintner's. Here, again, the eternal *flat-seventh* of the subdominant (as if it was impossible to end in another manner) introduces the *coda*, which is shorter and less effective than that of its companion round.

"MY DREAM." Waltz for the Pianoforte, with Cornet Ad Libitum.
By George Lichtenstein. Ewer and Co.

It is some time since we have seen a more elegant set of waltzes than the above. The introduction and the first three figures, especially, are really charming, tuneful and well-marked, while not at all common-place. The Strauss and Lanner form is preserved, with the *coda* at the end, in which all the themes are recapitulated. "My Dream" was one of the most admired pieces in the *répertoire* of M. Kalozdy's well-known Hungarian band. It does credit to M. Lichtenstein's musical talent, and to his entirely unvulgar feeling of dance-music, which we wish some of his contemporaries shared with him.

PLYMOUTH.—(Abridged from a Correspondent, Jan. 12.)—A concert was given last evening at the theatre, on a very complete scale. The orchestra was principally composed of the members of the Orchestral Union, intermingled with drafts from the London Philharmonic, and Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Alfred Mellon, the *bona fide* conductor of the Orchestral Union, was to have directed the instrumental force: but not being able to leave M. Jullien's band, in which he holds so responsible a post, he at once chose Mr. Frank Mori as his substitute, and threw all rivalry overboard. Mr. Frank Mori is conductor of the London Orchestra, the avowed antagonist of the Orchestral Union; but Mr. Alfred Mellon considered nothing but choosing the most proper person to fill his place. The programme was divided into three parts. It opened with the overture to *La Gazzetta Ladra*, and concluded with "God Save the Queen," and "Partant pour la Syrie." The solo performers included Mr. H. C. Cooper (violin), Mr. Nicholson (oboe), Mr. T. Harper (trumpet), Mr. Henry Reed (pianoforte), Mr. Hausmann (violoncello), Mr. Prosper (ophicleide), and Mr. Maycock (clarinet). Miss Milner—a most promising singer with a charming voice—was the only vocalist.

QUARTET CONCERTS—CROSBY HALL.—The first of Mr. Dando's annual series of six, took place on Monday evening. The engagements were Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Haydn's quartet (No. 75) opened the concert. Mr. Sloper's fantasia, for voice and pianoforte, called "The Lady and the Nightingale," was performed by himself and Miss Dolby, with excellent effect. Beethoven's trio in D (No. 1, Op. 70), Mozart's quartet in B flat (No. 3), and Mendelssohn's in E minor, were the instrumental features.

LOVE'S SOUVENIR.*

(Words for Music.)

The hour is nigh,
To bid good bye,
When we awhile must part;
Lest Fate estrange,
Let us exchange
Each other's beating heart!
So may we then confide, *And lay all fears aside;
For oh! in absence, love to cheer,
The heart's the only Souvenir!

Tho' sunder'd wide,
Tho' seas divide,
In thought we're ever nigh!
Chase, chase those tears,
Dispel thy fears,
And, smiling, say "Good bye!"
Then yield thy pledge to me,
And I'll leave mine with thee;
An', tho' we part, 'twill prove more dear,
The heart is love's best Souvenir.

* These lines are copyright.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMPLAINT OF A PROFESSIONAL CHORUS SINGER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

STE.—On New Year's Day a grand performance of Beethoven's "Praise of Music" and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, took place at Windsor Castle, commanded by Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert. According to the notice of this which appeared in your valuable journal, as well as in the daily papers, the band and chorus numbered 140, the latter selected from the *Sacred Harmonic Society* and *Philharmonic Society*. The latter, it is well known, has no chorus attached to it. But, to proceed, sir, my object in calling your attention to this performance, is to state a grievance; for I feel convinced you are as willing to do your utmost to remove and remedy that which is injurious to the large number of professors of music your journal represents, as *The Times*, or any other morning papers, to point out the grievances of the masses.

I am a chorus singer, and totally dependent upon the proceeds of this precarious occupation for the support of a wife and family, and at this dull season of the year believe me I find it no easy task to keep the wolf from the door; and yet, when a "grand performance," like the one alluded to, takes place, instead of its being made a boon to persons like myself, out of a chorus of *seventy-five* persons, not more than twelve or fifteen "professionals" are engaged. The others consist of members and friends of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, who are invited to take part on the occasion; and actually pay their own travelling expenses, receiving in return for their services a good supper; myself and others having the mortification, while fulfilling our engagement at Exeter Hall, of seeing the "invites" hawked about by the officials to those who will accept them, to the exclusion of men who are *positively in want*, through scarcity of employment. Now, sir, no one will, I presume, be bold enough to contradict the fact that Her Most Gracious Majesty is liberality itself. Then how account for this? Does not the question naturally suggest itself—Is Her Majesty aware that services are rendered gratuitously, to the exclusion of persons in indifferent circumstances, and who have no other occupation?—that this proceeding is incompatible with the royal dignity, and calculated to deprive Her Majesty of her title of Patroness of the Art and Science of Music? One thing only can be supposed, which is, that Her Majesty is either totally unacquainted with the fact, or that she does not understand what is meant by want of employment. Who, then, is to blame?—The Master of the Private Band, and who conducts those great annual performances, is Mr. Anderson. Will it be too much to lay the blame on his shoulders? Certainly not.* It is well known that there are at present two vacancies in Her Majesty's private band, one of them of eight months' standing, which has been offered to and refused by three gentlemen—surely not on account of the high salary?

Pray, sir, use your influence in these matters, for by this means alone may the profession hope they will reach the eyes of Royalty, and then, only, may we have fair hope that the titles of Patroness and Patron of the fine arts will be fully accorded to our beloved Queen and her noble Consort, and our profession raised from the miserable state into which it has fallen.

A CHORUS SINGER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

STE.—As a somewhat interested looker-on in the very pretty quarrel now raging between some of the amateur chorus singers of the *Harmonic Union*, and those who have gone to the *New Philharmonic*, one object seems to me to be clear enough.

Whether those who now advocate the cause of the latter left the *Harmonic Union* of their own accord, or more likely (as appears from the *Lias* and *Roodhouse* and *Stroud* correspondence which has appeared in your publication) their withdrawal arose from not being able at once to pay their share of the losses they incurred as "Directors," one thing is certain: the effect of these amateurs aiding the *New Philharmonic Society* will be another sad blow to the prospects of the professional chorus singer.

The *New Philharmonic Society* made it a feature of great promise that "a professional chorus of 200 voices" was to be engaged at the concerts. Dr. Wylde now seems to have departed from this, for all

* Not long since a member of the band was refused permission to visit his father, who was dying; the plea given was, that "the Queen's business must be attended to!"

the correspondence tends to show that these amateurs, anxious, perhaps, to make public appearances without paying for it, proffer their services to the *New Philharmonic* to the exclusion of the profession.

Even the secretary to the *New Philharmonic* is one of these amateurs who "directed" the *Harmonic Union*, although, probably, for reasons best known to himself, he does not add his name to the letter of Messrs. *Roodhouse* and *Stroud*, as he should have done in last week's *World*. Does he work for nothing? If so, he does himself injustice, for I do not see the customary "Honorary" added to his designation.

Do pray use your powerful pen against this additional hardship upon my class, for it is already next to impossible for any one to live who has the misfortune to be

26th December, 1854.

[Though we promised our readers to drop for the future all allusions to the *Harmonic Union* dispute, as the above letter relates to a subject of abstract interest—namely, the grievances of professional choristers—we shall be excused for having given it insertion.—ED.]

MR. GEORGE GENGE gave a concert and ball at the Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday evening. The singers and instrumentalists engaged were, for the former—Misses Poole, Wells, J. Wells, Madame Newton, Frodsham, Masters Williams and Naylor, Messrs. Holmes, Kenny, Turner, Smythson, and Farquharson; for the latter—Mr. George Case (concertina), Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), and Mr. J. G. Calcott (pianoforte.) Mr. Adams's band attended, and Mr. Frampton officiated as master of the ceremonies.

THE MISSION OF BEETHOVEN.—He felt, himself, both the force and the grandeur of his mission; the whims which escaped him in many instances leave no doubt upon this subject. One day his pupil, Ries, having ventured to call his attention to a harmonic progression in one of his new works, declared faulty by theorists, Beethoven replied, "Who forbids this?" "Who? why, Fuchs, Albrechtsberger, all the professors." "Well, I permit it." In another instance, he said, with *naïveté*, "I am of an electric nature, that is why my music is so admirable." The celebrated Bettine relates in her correspondence, that Beethoven said to her one day: "I have no friend: I must live with myself alone, but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him; neither have I any fear for my music, it can meet no evil fate; he to whom it makes itself intelligible must become free from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them."

For the convenience of our Provincial readers, we publish the following List of Book and Music Sellers of whom the *Musical World* may always be obtained.

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Aberdeen	Mart & Co.	Limerick	Vickers.
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MUSIC PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

A List of the Music published in London during the past week.

		s. d.
Anelli—Edinburgh Polka	Jewell & Co. 1 0
Borrow—Militia Galop	Metzler 2 0
Clinton—Konigsberg Polka and Electric Galop, Flute and Piano	Boosey & Sons 3 0
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Schulhoff, Jules—Galop di Bravura	" 4 0
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Unfur the Red Cross, War song	Boosey & Sons 4 0

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS REBECCA ISAACS begs to inform her friends and the public that she now receives Pupils at her residence, No. 8, Store-street, Bedford-square, where communications for Concerts will be received.

A SHOPMAN WANTED in a Country Music Warehouse. Must be active, intelligent, and of good address; and conversant with the London Trade Catalogues. Letters to W. J. M., care of J. Shepherd, 98, Newgate-street.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

SALAMAN'S SECOND MUSICAL LECTURE "On the INVENTION and DEVELOPMENT of the PIANOFORTE," illustrated by Music, Diagrams, and Models, on Tuesday Evening next, at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square, at Half-past Eight. Tickets 3s., 2s., and 1s., at the Institution and Music-shops.

MR. GOFFRIE'S LAST SOIREE will take place on Wednesday, January 17th, at 70, Harley-street, when the following artists will appear:—Vocalists—Misses Mossant, Mount, A. Vernon, Madie, Bauer, Madame and Sig. Lorenzo. Instrumentalists—Madie, Graeber, Messrs. Kialmark, Goldmark, Herr Kettens (Solo Violinist to the Prince Regent of Baden, his first appearance), and Messrs. Goffrie, Webb, and Paque.

THE ROYAL PATRIOTIC FUND BALL will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, under distinguished patronage, on Friday, Jan. 26. Henderson's full band of 20 performers. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Double Tickets, 21s. 6d.; Family Tickets, admitting three ladies and one gentleman, 1s. guinea; to be had of the Stewards. ROBT. W. OLLIVER, Hon. Sec., 10, Old Bond-street, of whom all particulars may be obtained.

THE ROYAL PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The Building comprises a large circular Hall, 100 feet in diameter, and 100 feet high, surrounded by three Galleries, and surmounted by a Dome, the whole gorgeously decorated in the Saracenic style of architecture. The Exhibition includes a splendid Fountain, throwing the water 100 feet; a Crystal Tank, holding 6,000 gallons of water, for the display of Messrs. Heine's Diving Apparatus, of the Electric Light under water, and other subaqueous experiments; a Cosmorama of St. Petersburg with Portrait of the Emperor Nicholas; a Transparent Screen, 32 feet wide, and 36 feet high, for the display of Dioramic Views, of the Chromatope, and of other optical effects; a magnificent Organ, containing 4,000 pipes, with the bellows worked by steam power, the richest and most powerful instrument of its kind in existence, on which a variety of Sacred and Operatic Music is performed daily at intervals; by Mr. W. T. Best, the Organist of the Institution; a gigantic Electric Machine, the largest ever constructed, the plate ten feet in diameter, with a large Leyden Battery attached; Voltaic Batteries of high power on a novel principle, and in the two Galleries, a variety of machinery and manufacturing processes in action, including the Nasau Steam Printing Machine, a complete series of Whitworth's Machinery, Kirby and Beard's Pin and Needle Machines, Perkins' Apparatus for the Combustion of Steel, Brock's Ornamental Sawing Machine, Pridett's Patent Self-closing Furnace Valve for the prevention of smoke, &c., an Ascending Carriage, Brett's Electric Telegraph, &c., &c.; a selection of Sculpture, including Month's Veiled Figure, "The Hour," executed expressly for the Institution; a Gallery of Pictures on sale, and other objects of Art. Distinctly two Lecture Rooms, in which demonstrations are given several times daily, in various branches of Science and Art, and Lectures delivered from time to time on Literary and Scientific subjects: a spacious Laboratory and Chemical School; a Photographic Gallery, in which portraits are taken. Open daily: Morning, 12 to 5; Evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 10. Admission 1s.: Schools and Children under 10, half price.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Will be performed on Wednesday, Jan. 17th, a NEW ORATORIO, the NATIVITY, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew; and Beethoven's Mount of Olives; under the direction of Mr. John Hullah. Principal Vocalists:—Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Palmer, Mr. Allen, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss. Tickets 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s., may be had of all music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall. Commence at half-past seven.

MADAME OURY'S PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE. Fourth Edition. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE QUARTETT in RIGOLETTO (Brighter than the Stars), adapted by GEORGE LINLEY. 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S "A TE O CARA," for the Pianoforte. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S "D' UN PENSIERO," for the Pianoforte, price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

W. V. WALLACE'S Fantaisie brillante on "Ernani." Third Edition. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME OURY'S "LE RÊVE DU PASSE," Romance sans paroles pour le piano, dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington. Price 4s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NEW SACRED SONG, by TOPLIFF.—"Honour thy Father and Mother." Price 2s. (The celebrity of this Author needs no comment.) Price 2s., postage free. London: B. Williams, 11, Paternoster-row.

G. A. OSBORNE'S "LA DONNA E MOBILE."—For the Pianoforte. This piece should be in the hands of every player. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

JOE IN THE COPPER.—New Comic Song, adapted by GEORGE FORD, author of "The Lost Child," &c., price 2s. Also, "The Corsican Brothers," comic extravaganza, 2s. Sent post-free. London: John Shepherd, 98, Newgate-street.

MENDELSSOHN'S TWO-PART SONGS.—EWER and Co.'s new, uniform, and complete Edition of Mendelssohn's 13 Two-part Songs is now ready. Price, half-bound and gilt edges, 3s.; or elegantly bound, with the Author's portrait, 14s. London: Ewer and Co., 390, Oxford-street.

BOOSEY'S ORCHESTRAL JOURNAL, No. 35 (published this day), contains Laurent's Zouaves' Polka, performed every evening at the Argyll Rooms. Price, 5s.; for septett, 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE KONIGSBERG POLKA and ELECTRIC GALOP, for Flute and Piano, by CLINTON (No. 22 of Boosey's Flute Répertoire), published this day, price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

A UBER'S celebrated Romance, "ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING," easily and brilliantly transcribed for the Piano, by CHARLES Voss. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

TINNEY'S new Quadrille, "THE BRIDE of LAMMERMOOR," splendidly illustrated by BRANDARD. Price, for Piano, 3s.; Orchestra, 5s.; Septett, 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE.—EWER & Co.'s new, uniform, and complete edition of Mendelssohn's 42 Lieder ohne Worte (original melodies), will be ready in the course of next week. Price, bound with thematic index, and the author's portrait, 18s. Ewer & Co., 390, Oxford-street, London.

LAURENT'S GALOP DES GUIDES, performed every evening at the Argyll Rooms. Price 2s. 6d., illustrated. Band parts, 5s. By the same author, "Valse du Carnaval," always encores, price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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THE BALTIC GALOP, by ALBERT WAGNER, illustrated with an excellent Likeness of Sir Charles Napier. This popular Galop is played every evening in public, and is always encored. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.—CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—MOST ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.—ALLOTMENT OF THE OLD FORD ESTATE, BOW, MIDDLESEX.—A PUBLIC MEETING WILL BE HELD at the BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE-END-ROAD, on FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 19, 1855, at Half-past Seven for Eight o'clock. The Lord Viscount RANELAGH in the Chair, when a Deputation, consisting of Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P.; Henry Pownall, Esq.; R. N. Fowler, Esq.; and the Rev. Dr. Worthington, Members of the Executive Committee; C. E. Lewis, Esq., Solicitor; George Morgan, Esq., Surveyor; and C. L. Grunisen, Esq., the Secretary; will attend to explain the mode of Allotment of the above valuable Estate, which has been purchased for distribution amongst the Members of the Conservative Land Society.

The ALLOTMENT of the OLD FORD ESTATE will take place at the Offices of the Society, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24, 1855, between the hours of Eleven and Four o'clock.

The EAST RETFORD ESTATE, NORTH NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, will be allotted at the same time.

For Plans, Prospects, information as to the Estates and Rights of Choice, and Advances for Building, apply to the Secretary, CHARLES LEWIS GRUNISEN.

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